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Meet Stormpaw

[image]

HEY! If you don't know what's going on, please go read the last chapter of *Let The Hunger Games Begin!* Basically I found this story and a few other that I never published from like 10 months ago, and since I'm not into warriors anymore I'll just publish what I got now!

Cat 1:

Names-
BloodClan: Willow
Kit: Stormkit
Apprentice: Stormpaw
Warrior: Stormflower
Leader: Stormstar

Gender-
She-cat

Ages-
Kit: 1 - 6 moons
Apprentice: at 8 moons
Warrior: at 18 moons
Medicine cat: -
Queen/Elder: -
Deputy: -
Leader: -

Looks-
Stormpaw is a sleek, light silver tabby. She has white legs, belly, chest and under-tail. She has long, glossy fur, small ears and dark blue eyes.

Backstory-
Stormpaw was born by Feather, Scourge's mate. Feather died

shortly after the great battle where Scourge was killed. Stormpaw lived in BloodClan for 5 moons until Scourge was killed in a battle against the clans in the forest. After BloodClan was destroyed, Stormpaw ran far, far away with her littermates. They were discovered at 8 moons by an unknown clan, CloudClan. Stormpaw and her littermates have never heard of them. There are four strange clans- CloudClan (their new clan), HeatherClan, BreezeClan and StreamClan. That is where they all train as apprentices. But soon, Rainstar, the leader of CloudClan, receives a prophecy. One of the three cats is destined to defeat the angry spirit of Scourge, who is now trying to turn cats against CloudClan. But only one of his kits can stop him...

Skills- (pick two mains)
~ Hunting
~ Fighting
Stalking
Running
Healing

Family-
Mother: Feather
Father: Scourge
Brother/s: Redpaw
Sister/s: Goldpaw
Mate: none yet
Kit/s: none yet

Power/s- (if any)
Unknown

Personality-
Stormpaw is a talented hunter. Though her fur is long, it's sleek so she is light and swift in her paws. She can sneak up on prey (and/or other things) silently. She has sharp senses that can smell/sight/ hear prey from far away. She is also a good fighter. She aims swift blows and has sharp claws. She's quite daring, brave and stubborn, and can be rude and snappy. She's suspicious of strangers.

Weakness-
Stormpaw is scared of tight surroundings. This includes being in

tunnels, among dense bushes and trees, or in piles of dirt/leaves etc.

Secret Strength-
Stormpaw is actually a great swimmer. She has strong legs and swims swiftly and gracefully in water. She even taught herself to catch fish, although she's not great at it.

-= + =-

Meet Goldpaw

[image]

Cat 2:

Names-
BloodClan: Sun
Kit: Goldkit
Apprentice: Goldpaw
Warrior: Goldstream
Leader: Goldstar

Gender-
She-cat

Ages-
Kit: 1 - 6 moons
Apprentice: at 8 moons
Warrior: at 18 moons
Medicine cat: -
Queen/Elder: -
Deputy: -
Leader: -

Looks-
Goldpaw is a large, long-furred light golden tabby. Her paws, tail, belly and chest are lighter. She has large ears and paws, and pig green eyes. She has a long bushy tail.

Backstory-
Goldpaw was born by Feather, Scourge's mate. Feather died shortly after the great battle where Scourge was killed. Goldpaw lived in BloodClan for 5 moons until Scourge was killed in a battle against the clans in the forest. After BloodClan was destroyed, Goldpaw ran far, far away with her littermates. They were discovered at 8 moons by an unknown clan, CloudClan. Goldpaw and her littermates have never heard of them. There are four strange clans- CloudClan (their new clan), HeatherClan, BreezeClan and StreamClan. That is where

they all train as apprentices. But soon, Rainstar, the leader of CloudClan, receives a prophecy. One of the three cats is destined to defeat the angry spirit of Scourge, who is now trying to turn cats against CloudClan. But only one of his kits can stop him...

Skills- (tick best)
Hunting
Fighting
~ Stalking
~ Running
Healing

Family-
Mother: Feather
Father: Scourge
Brother/s: Redpaw
Sister/s: Stormpaw
Mate: none yet
Kit/s: none yet

Power/s- (if any)
Unknown

Personality-
Goldpaw is a sweet she-cat who is merciful and kind. She is a swift, fast runner and is great at dodging things such as branches, trees, bushes, blows etc. she's also a good stalker, like her sister. She can creep up on things noiselessly and is graceful with her paws. She can be shy, but is very trusting, unlike both her littermates.

Weakness-
Goldpaw hates fighting; she's a bit soft when it comes to that. She dislikes fighting, killing and the sight of blood.

Secret Strength-
Goldpaw is great when hunting in darkness. She loves exploring dark tunnels and often hunts at night.

-= + =-

Meet Redpaw

[image]

Cat 3-

Names-
BloodClan: Berry
Kit: Redkit
Apprentice: Redpaw
Warrior: Redpool
Leader: Redstar

Gender-
Tom

Ages-
Kit: 1 - 6 moons
Apprentice: at 8 moons
Warrior: -
Medicine cat: at 20 moons
Queen/Elder: -
Deputy: -
Leader: -

Looks-
Redpaw is a dark russet tabby with lots of shades of red. He has light ears, chest, belly and toes. He has large paws and ears and a long bushy tail. He is quite large but is sleek and graceful. Redpaw has long whiskers and bright green eyes.

Backstory-
Redpaw was born by Feather, Scourge's mate. Feather died shortly after the great battle where Scourge was killed. Redpaw lived in BloodClan for 5 moons until Scourge was killed in a battle against the clans in the forest. After BloodClan was destroyed, Redpaw ran far, far away with his littermates. They were discovered at 8 moons by an unknown clan, CloudClan. Redpaw and his littermates have never heard of them. There are four strange clans- CloudClan (their

new clan), HeatherClan, BreezeClan and StreamClan. That is where they all train as apprentices. But soon, Rainstar, the leader of CloudClan, receives a prophecy. One of the three cats is destined to defeat the angry spirit of Scourge, who is now trying to turn cats against CloudClan. But only one of his kits can stop him...

Skills- (tick best)
Hunting:
Fighting:
~ Stalking:
Running:
~ Healing:

Family-
Mother: Feather
Silver tabby with blue eyes
Father: Scourge
Small black Tom with a white paw and blue eyes
Brother/s: none
Sister/s: Stormpaw and Goldpaw
Mate: none yet
Kit/s: none yet

Power/s- (if any)
Unknown

Personality-
Redpaw is very playful, helpful and kind. But his mood changes quite quickly. He can also be super grumpy and snappy and rude. He is suspicious with strangers, unlike Goldpaw. He is always calm and knows what to do, no matter what mood he's in.

Weakness-
Redpaw is afraid of climbing trees and going on high places. He has a fear of heights. When he's in high places, he feels dizzy.

Secret Strength-
Redpaw is skilled at getting to know cats. He can usually guess easily what any cat is thinking or feeling by how they look and act.

-= + =-

CloudClan

☁️ ***CloudClan*** ☁️

🐈 = she-cat
🐈‍⬛ = tom

Leader:
🐈‍⬛**Rainstar**- (2/9) Black and white tabby tom with icy blue eyes.

Deputy:
🐈‍⬛**Twistedfoot**- Brown tabby tom with amber eyes and a twisted paw.

Medicine cat:
🐈 ***Mossheart***- Tortoiseshell and white she-cat with green eyes.
Apprentice:
[none yet]

Warriors:
🐈‍⬛**Jaystripe**- Light grey tom with blue eyes and a dark grey stripe from head to tail tip. (Apprentice: Beechpaw)
🐈 **Mistyleap**- Light grey, long-furred she-cat with dark paws and blue eyes.
🐈 **Feathermist**- Silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.
🐈 **Snowfeather**- White she-cat with green eyes and a scar over nose. (Apprentice: Tigerpaw)
🐈‍⬛**Tornear**- Dark brown tabby tom with green eyes and a tear in his ear.
🐈‍⬛**Lionpelt**- Golden tom with yellow eyes.
🐈‍⬛**Thornwhisker**- Brown tabby tom with amber eyes.
🐈 **Brightmoon**- Black and white tabby she-cat with yellow eyes.
🐈 **Iceflower**- Cream she-cat with light patches and blue eyes.
🐈 **Spottedwing**- Tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.
🐈‍⬛**Ravenstorm**- Dark grey/black tom with amber eyes.
🐈‍⬛**Littleflame**- Small ginger tabby tom with light yellow eyes.
🐈 **Blossomheart**- Calico she-cat with green eyes.
🐈‍⬛**Frozencloud**- White tom with blue eyes and a grey cloud-shaped

splotch on forehead.
Nightfeather- Black she-cat with light blue eyes and white toes.
Tallshadow- Black tom with amber eyes.
Willowfrost- Grey and white she-cat.l with blue eyes.
Frostcloud- White she-cat with grey paws and blue eyes.
Brackenpool- Light brown tabby tom with amber eyes.
Greystream- Grey tom with yellow eyes.

Apprentices:
Beechpaw- Light brown caramel tom with a dark brown stripe from head to tail and green eyes.
Tigerpaw- Golden-brown tabby Tom with dark amber eyes.

Kits:
Bluekit- Blue-grey she-cat with blue eyes.
Mintkit- Light grey tom with minty green eyes.

Queens:
Echobreeze- Light brown tabby and white she-cat with blue-green eyes.
Oliveeyes- Brown tabby she-cat with dark green eyes and white paws. (Kits: Bluekit and Mintkit)

Elders:
Foxcloud- Orange, white and black tom with blue eyes.
Pinetail- Dark brown tabby tom with one dark green eye, one white blind eye.
Shimmerpool- Light grey she-cat with dark paws and blue eyes.
Raineyes- Dark grey and light grey speckled tom with blue eyes.

Prologue 1

[image]

Feather was kitting.
Her agonising yowls echoed through the eerie twolegplace alley, where Scourge's cats were walking around, chatting in the orange sunset light.
Scourge paced back and forth in between the tall metal trash cans, his ears twitching nervously. He flexed his long dog claws, watching them glint in the fiery light. His white paw was still caked with dry blood, reminding him of what happened today. He could still feel the satisfaction as his sharp claws slit through Tigerstar's dark tabby fur. He pictured the dark tabby's bloody body for the one-hundredth time, licking his lips. There was no way he'd ever forget the shocked looks on the clan cats faces when Tigerstar had dropped to the ground, dead. He chuckled quietly to himself. All this had happened while his mate Feather, had started to begin kitting. She must be proud of me, Scourge thought. Our kits will be the most feared cats of the twolegplace and the forest.
"Scourge! You've got kits!" Brick yowled from behind the cardboard box. "Two she-cats and a tom!"
Excitedly, the small black tom bounded over to where Feather was lying on the stiff cardboard, panting. Her blue eyes were almost closed with exhaustion. Scourge's icy eyes gleamed with pride. Beside dark grey she-cat three squirming furballs. Feather purred, watching them crawl toward her white belly.
"What should we name them?" Scourge murmured.
"I was thinking- the honey-coloured one should be Sun. And the russet tom..."
"Oh, look!" Scourge purred. "The silver tabby is like you- stubborn! She wants to be the first to drink milk!"
"Her name should be Willow," Feather nodded quietly. "And the tom is like a shrimp, just like you!" She ourredvv
Scourge purred loudly in return. Only Feather was allowed to point out that he was small. No-one else. He stared at the tiny red tom.
"He'll grow big and strong."
"Let's name him Berry!" Feather said.

"Sun, Willow and Berry. Our lovely kits!" And for the first time after Scourge had run away, he felt like curling up against the warmth of a cat he loved and fall asleep, forgetting about a battles. But he knew he had an upcoming battle with the clans soon. He'd beat them once and for all. He jerked away from his kits.
"I have a battle to prepare for," he told Feather, his voice cold again. He would NOT let any cat soften him or quench his thirst for blood. Not even his kits.
"I'll see you after the battle."
"Promise me you'll be careful!" Feather called after him. "Promise me you'll come home safe!"
Scourge halted. It felt good to have someone care about him.

"I promise."

Prologue 2

Sun's POV

Feather didn't tell us when Scourge died. I think she was trying to protect us. But Willow, Berry and I are almost six moons old now. Bone told me if we'd be in clan, we would be made apprentices at that age. Feather knew all along Scourge was dead all those moons ago. But she left us to figure it out on our own when we saw Brick and Bone drag our fathers small body into the twolegplace alley. Feather was on her den the whole time, grieving.

That was six moons ago. Today, Willow, Berry and I are celebrating our 'apprenticeship'. Of course, without Feather and Scourge. Oh yeah, Feather is dead, too. She got sick after eating a poisoned rat and died a few days after the great battle with the clans. We miss our parents, but we still have each other. We always will, especially when we leave BloodClan. That's right. BloodClan hasn't been the same since Feather and Scourge died. That's why we're leaving. All three of us; to go find a better home. I know Scourge would've wanted one of us to lead BloodClan after Bone, but most of our cats are dead from the battle that killed our father. It's just not the same, like I said. Maybe we'll find a clan, or a group of rogues we can live with. Or, if we have to, find twolegs to care for us. I'm not too keen on becoming a kittypet, but I also know Willow, Berry and I can't survive on our own. We're sneaking out tonight. It's not easy when cats keep walking up to you and congratulating you on reaching six moons of age. My heart keeps twisting painfully at the fact that I'll never seen them again after tonight. I'm proud of my clan. But we've planned this for days; moons even. There's no way we're backing out now.
And, when the time comes, we say farewell to our old home.

It's time to find a new future.

~ Sun

Chapter 1

Berry's POV

The wind hurtled out at the three shapes pushing through the tall grass like claws. It howled and screamed in Berry's ears, and he flattened them against his head. The wind wasn't strong. It wasn't even really bad. In fact, it was *nothing* compared to the wind back home. But Berry, Willow and Sun had been traveling for two moons, in hope of finding a new home. The old twolegplace and the forest of the clans were far, far away. WindClan, ThunderClan, ShadowClan and RiverClan were the clans who had destroyed BloodClan. Firestar, the leader of ThunderClan, had killed their father in his attempt to take over the forest. Sorrow and rage pierced Berry's heart. He had only met his father twice, and that was shortly after his birth. Scourge had been there. The second time was after his first night outside his mothers belly. He remembered his fathers small black body and his white paw. He remembered icy blue eyes looking down at him and his sisters. He also remembered Feather. The dark grey she-cat who had given them milk and cared for them for three moons in BloodClan. He remembered her most. But after Scourge was killed, she seemed to stop loving them. Although Berry knew she was grieving, Willow, Sun and him had felt lonely. After Feather died, too, they stayed in BloodClan for another three moons- until they were six moons old. That would've been the day they'd have been given their apprentice names. Feather had often told them about the clans, and Berry and his littermates knew everything about clan life. But shortly before Feather took her last breath, she had told them about her other litter of kits. She told them she had sent the two of them away; away from Scourge's thirst for blood. StarClan - yes, Feather was cat who believed in StarClan even though she was a rogue - had visited her and told her they had been accepted into a clan called CloudClan. They had never heard of the clan, so Feather explained that it was a clan far, far away.
Berry had wondered why she had never spoken of them before, but he knew better than to ask her.

"It looks like the wind will get worse," a voice broke through the thick silence. Neither of the three littermates had said anything since this morning, and they had traveled in silence until now. The voice belonged to Sun, Berry's sister. She was a light golden tabby with green eyes. Willow, his other sister, was a silver tabby with dark blue eyes. Berry himself was a red, thick-furred cat with green eyes.
"Should we shelter somewhere or keep going?" Sun spoke up again.
"We should keep going," Berry replied. A misty drizzle of rain was blown into his face. He was cold and tired, but he would not stop until he found this clan his brother and sister had joined many moons ago.
"Sshh!" Willow hissed. She halted, her silver for bristling. "I smell something!"
"Like rain and birch trees?" Sun rolled her eyes. But she stopped and looked around. Berry raised his head and tasted the air. Willow was right; there was a new scent hanging in the air. A scent they had smelled ever day, but were hardly familiar if anymore since they only had each other all these three moons.
It was the smell of cats.
Willow's eyes widened and she unsheathed her claws. She was a good fighter, but Berry was wiser when it came to picking fights.
"Hide!" He hissed. Willow darted behind a large bush. It was dotted with hundreds of purple, strong-smelling flowers. It would hide their scents for a while. Sun and Berry followed her, and they crouched down, eyes gasping through the tangle of branches, petals and leaves. Sure enough, the tall grass rustled and four cats emerged out. One was a white she-cat with blue eyes. She was followed by a large grey tom, a grey and white she-cat with bright blue eyes and a brown tabby tom with amber eyes.
Sun stiffened beside Berry as the grey and white she-cat hissed something into the white she-cat's ear.
"Frostcloud! Do you smell something?"
Frostcloud, the white she-cat, sniffed the air. Berry's heart pounded, but not because the cats might find him and the others. These cats had warrior names! Maybe this was the clan with his brother and sister! Sun glances at him with a knowing glance. Without thinking, Berry rose from the ground. Sun and Willow stood up too.
"What are you doing?" Willow hissed.
"Hey!" The light brown tabby exclaimed. "I heard something!"

Berry stalked out into the open, facing the four warriors.
"Who are you and what are you doing on CloudClan territory?" Frostcloud hissed.
CloudClan! Excitement and disbelief flooded through Berry. His heart pounded faster and he searched carefully for words.
"We're rogues from far away. We-we're looking for a new home." He stammered.
"Rogues, eh?" The large grey tom said, eyeing them suspiciously. "What are your names?"
"My name is Berry. These are my sisters, Willow and Sun."
"Where are you from? It's been a long time since we've seen any rogues 'round here." He asked, his amber gaze flicking from Beery to Sun and to Willow.
"We're from far away." Berry struggled to control his excitement. "We've been traveling for three moons."
"Yeah!" Willow added. "Our mother, Feather, died and-"
"Hang on!" The grey tom interrupted. "Did you say your mothers name was Feather?"
"Yes. Our father was Scourge, but he died after we were born."
"I-I-" The tom seemed stunned. "Y-You're really Feather's kits?"
The three cats nodded.
"So am I. I mean, I was. My name is Greystream."
"Really? So you must be one of the kits from her first litter! Feather told us about you! If you're our brother, who's our sister?"
"Her name is Nightfeather. She's back at camp."
"Wait, Greystream! Are young saying these cats are your *littermates*?" The grey and white she-cat asked.
"Yes, Willowfrost. These are my brothers and sisters." Greystream said. Willowfrost stared at them. "As you know, this is Willowfrost. Her sister is Frostcloud." He flicked his tail toward the two she-cats. "And this is Brackenpool." The tabby tom dipped his head. "Come. You say you're looking for a new home?"

Chapter 2

[image]

Berry's POV
"Berry, is it your wish to become a medicine cat apprentice of CloudClan?" Rainstar called through the soft rain.
"It is." Berry's heart pounded.
"Then, until you earn your full medicine cat name, you shall be known as Redpaw." Rainstar, a black and white tabby tom, declared. "Your mentor will be Mossheart, the medicine cat."
Redpaw touched noses with the tortoiseshell and white she-cat. He fur was damp from the rain, but her green eyes shone.
"Willow, is it your wish to become a warrior of CloudClan?"
"It is." Willow meowed confidently.
"Then, until you earn your full name, your name will be Stormpaw. I choose Greystream, your brother, to mentor you and teach you ways of CloudClan. Greystream, you are loyal and strong, and i hope that you will pass this knowledge onto Stormpaw."
Redpaw shuffled his paws, trembling with excitement and cold. Mossheart's warm tortoiseshell fur brushed his flank. It felt good to have the comforting body of an older cat caring for him again. He watched Stormpaw and Greystream touch noses.
"Sun, is it your wish to become a CloudClan warrior?" Rainstar's vouce rumbled through the lightly stormy clearing.
"Yes, it is." Sun's voice sounded shy and quiet, but her green eyes shimmered in the fiery orange sunset light.
"Then, until you are given your warrior name, you shall be known as Goldpaw. Nightfeather, your sister, will mentor you and teach you the ways of CloudClan. Nightfeather, you have proven yourself swift and respectful, and now I ask you to pass these skulls not Goldpaw."
The black she-cats light blue eyes were warm with pride as she leaned forward to touch noses with Goldpaw.
"Redpaw! Stormpaw! Goldpaw!"
The clan changed the three 'paws names loudly. Suddenly the rain grew harder, pounding onto the muddy ground. Drenched colourful pelts darted through the clearing, scrambling to the dens.

Mossheart nudged Redpaw's side, and he bounded after her into a hollow tree.

"This is the medicine cats den," Mossheart told Redpaw, shaking out her pelt. Redpaw copied her, sending glistening droplets flying into the air. "In CloudClan we have a lot of hollow trees. The medicine cat den, the leaders den and the nursery are all hollow trees."
Redpaw nodded, his green gaze flicking through the pile of herbs.
"Am I going to start my training today?" He asked eagerly.
"No!" Mossheart purred. "It's time for you to get some rest. You've been traveling for three moons, am I right?"
Redpaw nodded.
"Well then. Wait while I make a nest for you." The dapple she-cat padded over to a large supply of moss. Redpaw hurried over to help her, feeling more than happy that he had found a new home together with his his littermates, Greystream and Nightfeather.

Chapter 3

[image]

Redpaw's POV
"Feathermist! Tallshadow! Jaystripe!"
Redpaw awoke with a jerk. A cats voice tore through the frosty early air. Redpaw scrambled to his paws and stretched his mouth open into a yawn. He flexed his claws and padded out of Mossheart's den, legs stiff.
Thornwhisker, a dark brown tabby tom, was bounding towards the horse entrance. Other cats were emerging out of their dens. Redpaw spotted Feathermist, Tallshadow and Jaystripe hurry up beside Thornwhisker.
What's going on? He thought sleepily, padding toward Stormpaw and Goldpaw, who were also looking confused.
"Thornwhisker? What's going on?" A voice called. Redpaw turned to see Rainstar pad out of the leaders den. The black and white tabby bounded over to see what was going on. A white she-cat emerged out of the horse barrier, closely followed by Thornwhisker.
"My mate has come to visit!" He purred.
"Sasha? Why have you come?" Rainstar asked.
"I'm sorry if I am disturbing you in any way-" The white she-cat began. She had blue eyes and light brown ear tips, paws and tail tip. Her thick fur glowed in the morning sunshine. Redpaw noticed a few bloody scratches crisscrossed in her pelt.
"Of course not! Come into my den!" Rainstar lead the strange she-cat and Thornwhisker into his den.
"Who is she?" Goldpaw asked, wrinkling her nose. "She smells like a kittypet!"
Greystream stepped in beside her. "Her name is Sasha." He meowed. "She is a kittypet, but she's alright. Shes Thornwhisker's mate, actually."
"Why is he mates with a *kittypet*?" Stormpaw asked.
"Well, he save her from a dangerous dog. Sasha could've died. Ever since then, Thornwhisker has been visiting her secretly. One day he returned with three little bundles of fur. Featherkit, Jaykit and Tallkit. Now they're warriors. Later Rainstar found out where the

mysterious kits came from. He let Sasha stay for a while, but then she returned to her twolegs. We haven't seen her in moons."
"Why is she here now?" Redpaw asked.
Greystream shrugged. "We'll find that out, I suspect." His friendly amber eyes glowed warmly, and he docked his long bushy grey tail toward Rainstar, who was making his way to the High Rock.
"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the High Rock for a clan meeting!" He yowled. Sasha and Thornwhisker sat down behind him as CloudClan cats eagerly swarmed toward the old may rock.
"As you all know," Rainstar meowed once the cats had settled down, "Sasha has come to visit CloudClan."
Sasha dipped her head.
"Unfortunately, her twolegs have abandoned her."
Yowls of protest rang through the clearing.
"Don't trust twolegs!" Iceflower called.
"I don't understand why some cats choose to live with twolegs!" Littleflame added.
Rainstar silenced the noisy cats with a flick of his tail.
"But that's not even the problem. A rogue has been hurting her. Sasha, please describe your problem." The she-cat stepped forward.
"Ever since I was abandoned in the twolegplace, there was this cat that attacked me every now and then. He was very small. He was black with one white paw. But most frightening was his collar-" Sasha shuddered. "It was pierced with dog teeth!"
Redpaw, Stormpaw and Goldpaw exchanged horrified glances. But Greystream and Nightfeather didn't seem to be at all troubled. Did they even remember what Feather Scourge looked like?
"...because Sasha is a friend of CloudClan, we have agreed to help her drive away the mysterious attacker. We will show him what it's like to get mushed by true CloudClan warriors!" Rainstar declared.
Cheers of agreement rose from the gathered cats.
Sasha and Thornwhisker's eyes shone gratefully.
Redpaw was confused. Scourge was dead. *Maybe this is just a coincidence?* He thought. *I bet there's more than one small black cat with a white paw in the world. And the collar could be a twoleg product.* But he wasn't so sure...

Just a quick note~ I spent ages looking for a name for the kittypet but I just really liked Sasha. No, this is not the Sasha

who was with Tigerstar kk? ;)

Chapter 4

Stormpaw's POV
"Stormpaw, you're staying in camp." Greystream meowed. "I don't want you getting hurt."
"But I won't! It not like I can't fight. Bone and Feather taught me some moves." Stormpaw flicked her tail irritably. "Besides, you've also taught me a few moves!"
"Still! You're my sister. I'm not risking anything 'till your the best fighter in the clan!" Greystream purred. He rasped his tongue over her ears affectionately.
"Greystream!" Snowfeather yowled. "Hurry up! The battle patrol is leaving!"
"Take care. It's only five of us going anyway. A small cat causing trouble won't be hard to chase off."
"Then why do you need five warriors?"
"There's dogs and other dangers, too. Rainstar himself is coming! Now stop asking questions!" He darted over to Snowfeather.
Stormpaw watched him follow the white she-cat out of the gorse barrier until their pelts were out of sight.
Redpaw padded up beside her. "You've already bonded a lot with your brother," He remarked. Stormpaw nodded.
"He's so friendly and caring. I couldn't ask for a better mentor!" She purred. "How's Mossheart?"
"She's great. But I still can't remember all the herbs." He sighed.
"You know, I never knew you wanted to be a medi me cat."
Stormpaw remembered her surprise as Redpaw had agreed to becoming a medicine cat apprentice.
"Hmm. Yeah. I've always been fascinated with leaves and stuff." Stormpas purred. "Speaking of leaves and stuff, wanna come with me and Beechpaw and Tigerpaw into the forest? It's the third day of being a CloudClan apprentice- and I've only had one training session!"
"I don't know. What are you doing?"
"Maybe some hunting. Feather taught me how. See?" Stormpaw crouched to the ground, careful to keep her haunches tucked in and get tail still. She flattened her ears and crept forward, then

pounced. But she tripped over her own paws and with a loud screech, she sprawled onto her back, paws flailing. "Oof!"
Redpaw purred with amusement. Stormpaw felt hot with embarrassment. She scrambled to her paws and awkwardly shook out her ruffled silver fur.
"Sorry. I'd love to help you scare away all the prey, but Mossheart is teaching me how to get the juice out of leaf stems." The russet tom explained tauntingly. "See you later!" He bounded off.
Stormpaw growled under her breath. *Maybe I should stop being such a show off,* she thought. *Lucky Goldpaw. Nightfeather is teaching her battle moves.* Grumbling, she headed toward the apprentice den where Tigerpaw and Beechpaw, the two brothers, we're hanging around. Snowfeather and Jaystripe were also on the patrol with Greystream, Rainstar and Sasha, so they had agreed to kill some time by hunting.

"What did you catch?" Tigerpaw emerged out of the ferns, a plump vole dangling from his jaws.
"Nothing, except for a mouse. I buried it." Stormpaw replied sheepishly, hot embarrassment flooding through her pelt. "Nice prey!"
"It was actually half dead by the time I found it," Tigerpaw admitted with a purr. "Here comes Beechpaw!"
Stormpaw glanced at the small light brown tom appearing out of the shadows. He wasn't carrying any prey.
"Where've you been? There's a lot of prey out in the warm weather today." Tigerpaw teased his brother.
"Maybe I wasn't focusing enough," Beechpaw grumbled. "Can we go? It's about time Snowfeather and the patrol returned from the twolegplace."
Sure enough, as soon as they returned to camp, a large group of cats was crowding around Snowfeather, Greystream, Sasha and Jaystripe.
"Where's Rainstar?" Beechpaw whispered. Stormpaw's heart pounded. She pushed through the crowd, Tigerpaw and Beechpaw following close behind.
A battered black and white body lay in the middle of the crowd.
"Is he... dead?" Stormpaw breathed in horror.
Beechpaw shook his head. "Look, he's still breathing!" Rainstar's flank was rising and falling.

"Get out of my way!" Mossheart toward, pushing through the cats. Redpaw followed close behind, his green eyes wide.
"Greystream? What happened?" Stormpaw asked the grey tom. He was cinders in bloody wounds, like the other cats. "Was there a dog?"
Greystream shook his head. "It's that cat!" He growled, a hint of embarrassment in his voice. "It had dog claws. And there were two other cats with him. We weren't outnumbered, but we were beaten. Snowfeather was almost killed and Rainstar lost a life!"
"But..." Beechpaw's eyes widened. "That means he's on his last life!"
"I know," Greystream said. "This cat is more trouble than we thought."
"Will Rainstar be ok?" Tigerpaw asked.
"Of course. You know, he's just lying there because he's tired. I promise. In fact, he's the least injured out of all us." The grey tom soothed. Mossheart padded up to him.
"Rainstar just needs sleep. He's feeling great, just tired."
"Like I said..." Greystream purred.
"But I'll need to check your wounds. Come with me!"

About two hours later

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gayer beneath the High Rock!" Rainstar yowled.
"Looks like you joined CloudClan just in time, Stormpaw!" Tigerpaw whispered.
"Huh? Why?" Stormpaw asked, confused.
"Ssshhh!" Beechpaw hissed. "You'll see!"
"Firstly," Rainstar began, "as you all know, we went to the twolegplace to drive out a small tom who was troubling Sasha. We lost the fight."
Yowls of protest echoed through the camp.
"He had two other cats with him, and he had dog claws. But we still had one more cat than him, and we are disappointed to have lost the fight."
"It's not like a kittypet can fight," Tigerpaw hissed into his brothers ear. Stormpaw knew he was referring to Sasha.
"Although this is bad news, I have a warrior ceremony prepared!" Beechpaw and Tigerpaw purred, their eyes gleaming with excitement. "This is what we meant! We passed out warrior access

meant a day before you arrived!" Beechpaw whispered proudly.
"I, Rainstar call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these two apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the warrior code and all useful skills, and I commend them to you as a warrior in their turn." Rainstar meowed loudly. "Beechpaw and Tigerpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and protect your clan, even at the cost of your life?"
"I do." Beechpaw replied, tail twitching excitedly.
"I do." Tigerpaw meowed.
"Then, by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior names. Beechpaw, from this moment on you will be known as Beechfur. CloudClan values your intelligence and hunting skill, and we welcome you as a full member of CloudClan. Tigerpaw, you shall now be known as Tigerleap."
Beechfur's green eyes gleamed as Rainstar put his head on the brown toms, and he licked the leaders shoulder respectfully.
When Beechfur stepped back, Rainstar did the same with Tigerleap.
"Beechfur! Tigerleap!" The clan changed. Stormpaw cheered loudly, pride swelling in her chest for her friends.
This could be me, she thought. *If I'd joined CloudClan a little earlier, I could've received my warrior name right now, too! After all, Beechfur and Tigerleap are only a moon older than me.*

That was a pretty long chapter.
So, BeechxStorm or TigerxStorm? 😎

EDIT: And that's it! Sorry it's not completed, I'm just publishing what I've got from 10 moths ago aha. That was really cringeworthy lmao hope you enjoyed 😂